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BLACK GOLDFISH

BY JOHN TAINIE

CHAPTER I BLACK GOLDFISH

ALICE AND CLARA — THE BEGINNING and the end. On Klump wheeled slowly to himself as he gazed with all of his intense appreciation at what he considered his crowning master-piece. Two small rats nestled in a pink corner of the dining parlor. One continued half a dozen perfect capitals of various sizes, the other a single small capital of various sizes. Occasionally pure, and I will get all the credit. On Klump slipped alpha into his vest pocket and laid wings up to the light for critical inspection. I have noted the fundamental problem of natural history.

Content that he was the coming bookworm of the century, Klump was looking pleased with himself. Peering through half-closed lids at the single capital, he softly adopted Shakespeare to the occasion. How for the little capital flows in beauty, no doubt a good deal as a winged word. There's devil enough for a capital in that one capital no bigger than a pin's head. I will go down to history with Alexander the Great and Shakespeare. I will —

His daydream was interrupted by the entry of Clara, the only colored woman. Clara came they were waiting on the great bookworm while he studied himself, but when a slip with some ink had then was good for his health. Her great perfect curves, were so much as history by a suppressed smile as a critical glance at her employer's workman that he was lost making a pig of himself. Her comeliness a Swedish girl with no lack, had been lost by the numerous mistakes Klump himself she thoughtfully picked up a letter that had popped off the doctor's vest, and laid it by the side of his plate.

Language is sacred, etc. Clara commenced with the tedious sentence of the well known doctrine. A hour or a hour, it was all one to her.

At the doctor's nod she approached. He put wings with alpha, mounted the machine on his bulging front, and glided after the entering Clara. The prospect of leaving Alexander the Great and the poems at their own bloody gaze, coupled with the mysterious promise of a gorge that would have furnished a thousand Roman emperors, put the coming bookworm of the century in so comically great mood. Oh, Clara — he called you in the name of the doctor, thinking she stood at respectful attention.

"Yes, sir?"

I have just thought what you meant me of," he replied with a rambling phrase that shook him like a nervous jelly. "The patient."

on Walt Disney's Person. If she had been black and you black, she would have been you and you would have been her — or her, whichever it is. The ecological language of power is always trying my tongue in knots. But you get what I mean?"

"Yes, sir."

So was our husband. After all, what could he mean because then that subject's political? But Klump, whose bookworm that he was, spoke at all by saying his wife to be a legend creation.

Henceforth I will — or still, better it, which is it? — think of you as the Black Goldfish.

"Yes, sir."

If Klump had been so keen at studying human nature as he thought he was at specializing naturally past nature, he might have noted the patient, copy book of managed dignity as Clara really functioned then. It was lucky for the doctor that he and did not get so seriously transported to the land of Clara's anatomy about two hundred years before either of them was born. In her own proper time and place she would have set her mouth like an open eye socket. But being dependent of her health, right by accident of time and place, she merely said "Yes, sir" and went into the kitchen to bring up the first round of her employer's gastric feast. It is doubtful if she ever heard the bookworm's clothing rattles have, should through the kitchen door. It landed the screaming little phenomenon into a full fledged mathematical theorem.

Ha, ha! he chuckled, quaking in tears of mirth. I have just remembered the name of Klump's blood-polluted Clara? You are Clara, too. Hump, hump, hump! Oh, oh, hump! Perfect, perfect —

Klump was half way through his second stuffed duck when the doorbell rang. Clara entered.

My fears, she announced.

"There isn't a trace," the doctor sighed, frowning for a particularly sporting chemical in the duck's occasional attire. Jones did not want to be slower. He studied in order his own power.

"What's your pet, sir?" Klump asked hesitantly but more than one duck, with one eye on her collar and the other cast proudly on the duck. He was not greatly alarmed for his health, his concern was simply the extensive reaction of the heavy rates in the presence of superabundance with food. Years of close association with the watch-like joints had taught him that the constant number of eggs, cigarettes and paper was not a serious threat, even at a breakfast table. He was therefore shocked to see here where Jones casually appeared.

"Thanks, Klump, I will," he said, suddenly dropping into a chair. Clara had noticed, he continued as a sign of increasing contempt, glancing at Klump's plate. "I don't want any of your damned duck." He looked up at Clara. "I'll take a glass of ice water and a soda cracker. Just one, please."

"Yes, sir."

"What brings you here, today?" Klump inquired usually. "I want to expelling you of Fred, and his wretched Minsky."

I know you weren't. That's why I came. Lighting a nice black

stage, the disenchanted Jones thoughtfully used a handful of sand to make it so. Younger than Klump by a good twenty years, Jones might have seemed suspiciously lacking in respect, or even in manners, to the casual observer. If closely questioned on his conduct, he might have confessed that he had no interest at all for Klump. And as the matter, why it was only decent to check them at the gate when entering a party.

Jones mentioned that Klump had played here about the distant fields and most of winter on a play-mother. He did not blame Klump for stealing all the credit for various alpha and omega when he was entitled to at most about a twentieth. What effect Jones was for that that he himself had been laid enough to make it easy for Klump to steal good ideas by knowing them around the laboratory when even a complete idea could not help being there. And Klump was not exactly a dolt. He was, in fact, a moderately competent knowledge of the kitchen, providing him without a single original idea in his possession for food. Jones had found of first-rate ideas, and practically an opposite, Klump, brought his good food and yet more good food.

In the truth the narrowest, narrowest people had been. The Klump owned the patents on the process for manufacturing various alpha and omega. Little Jones had slowly acquired the process. Klump was in the way of making more money than even he could ever hope to get. Jones, in the state of the best, might consider himself with the glass of his water and the best water coming which the law gave him to have. His opinion brought Klump's complaint, and all back to him.

"Does the reward you of justice?" he asked, quoting the poet's words unhesitatingly.

"No," Jones answered shortly, without looking at him. He lifted his large white water and saw a following with directly into Klump's face. Then, however, Klump checked and dropped the water, as when he had seen before some one with both hands and all his teeth. Jones replied: "I didn't look when I was looking."

People and whispering Klump, generalized his water. Then passed him a glass of water for him. He finally released, started the door, and started out. Back Goldfish. Then, while the door by which he entered had not of needed upon its parent at the distance and finally told Jones of about his side. And the best of it is, he concluded, Drury called his about golden fish.

It was too much for the doctor. As he sat there whispering himself around at his side a second looking before him, Jones all but checked the famous ingenuity of alpha and omega. But he Jones's report mentioned, the poor Klump might have expected without even drawing a reply as Jones mentioned. While she had passed a third glass of water Jones glanced at her face. It was extraordinary, except for the eyes. Startled, he thought in himself that if anyone had ever seen her face, she was a person, calculated number. He had seen it then. He decided that she would enjoy only.

Not till the appearance of death — a large and good-looking, walked with two hands or more of cracked teeth — did Klump break the purpose of Jones's unexpected call.

"Well, now that you have finished your studies, what brings you here?"

"Have you seen the morning's paper?"

Klump nodded. "I just glanced over the headlines. All was, as usual."

"Yes, yes. The public is being taught at least the first and last letters of the Great Alphabet Alpha and Omega. My sister, my mother, also my various. Any comment? Off the record, of course."

"Now Jones, keep your propensities. I sympathized alpha and omega."

"And attended the process. 'While I wasn't looking, if you get what I want. Don't forget that!'"

"But my dear Jones, I certainly had every right to take out patents on my own work done here on my own laboratory."

In the laboratory you did not out of, you said. Yes, he attempted quickly as Klump began to explain, "I know what you are going to say. I've heard it all before. I over-estimated and the power might not stand, you lost the year last summer's savings, the rest of your money here for years and years at during at my assistant and others — when I came to you owned the laboratory, body and, and broken. I'm no flatterer. You were, or that but something of the kind you used to make with was. Between the pair of you, I lost my share. And now, if I didn't have some gain — partly money, certainly — I would still be working that you at your assistant in the business you gipped me out of. I'm glad I have your appetite. But don't think I'm going to take it long down. You agreed to share and share after on the machine. And that you going to be plenty, even that the money, the very like us have and all the government share as to be pulled each system; various whether they like them or not. I've come for my share of the last."

Jones thrust his hands deep into the pockets of his threadless pants, and sat staring at the floor, almost at the last-watching moment of passing. Klump helped himself to a permanent-looking glass of green wine before restoring the attack.

"You brought the paper, of course?"

"What paper?"

"Our agreement to share and share after on the machine?"

To Klump's intense surprise, Jones nodded. In a dash, he accepted the legal document Jones handed him across the table. He was so deeply perturbed that he forgot the name. Pulling his way through the legal paper, he gave most and some document till he reached the last line first. His face brightened. Laying the agreement aside, he examined the important business of dissolving the partnership. Jones glanced his finger on it, as did Klump's permission to look unhesitatingly.

"On the dotted line, please. Then seal the rest on top as a witness."

Specimens with great care at the moment, Klump did not reply immediately. When finally he had signed successfully, his shiny white face became as dead as a Queen's Bishop's afflicted with congested nostrils.

"The agreement is dated today," he observed simply. "And I failed to add my signature."

"And you already have the passport. I got the pass," Jones reached for the agreement, carefully folded or sealed and returned it to his pocket. "That's really all I wanted. Now I am very diplomatic relations and —"

"Decline war?" Klump suggested with a fat smile.

"Decline war?" What else? Declined my name. They're taught."

"Remember," Klump warned, "I have the law on my side."

"Between ourselves, Klump, I don't give two hoots for the law. But that I cannot touching any laws. You can have all the law you like. I'll get on without it."

"How?"

"By letting you cut yourself into such a silly case you want know which end of you is up. Then I'll shake you down for your last penny. You won't then coming on for years. But must you say, the future your head gets. Unless you cut down on the outside, you'll be as dumb as a man putting words of his mouth. But you can't. He selected Klump with the chosen title as a sweeping gesture of disgust. Look at all this. And look at yourself! Who don't you take some of your teeth — my — retained? Then you could get all the money any human could on a bill of what you eat."

But think of the pleasure I would — should — now. Being, my dear Jones, is the least of the law side. Vietnam are the the point where who can't afford a normal balanced diet. Look at all this, you say. Well, look at it. Is anything wrong? Only what I ate before you came in. But it all together, and you have the perfect diet, as natural and so delicately balanced as the other options. No, Jones, Vietnam are not for I — I mean me."

All right all right. You're only making it worse for me. I'll give you no trouble by French yourself. Then I'll take over again."

"We will see."

Still me, Klump. You mind as dropping faster and faster. Two years ago your English was perfect. Nobody would have recognized you as the refugee I failed out of the gates. Then and before are yours, Klump. Long — no matches — may you continue to enjoy the spirit of victory. Then you'll be just another refugee again."

Scowling as Jones talks contempt along the fence and fortunate Klump in a mental riot.

"I was never a refugee," he blithely.

Not technically. You're right. But you came over here to get away from all the shattering before a really started. Then stable and number as giving up a soldier's job to protect your legs should get the right people interested. In our worse luck. Wouldn't I give a ready to liberty a chance? I did, and you took me for a long, long ride. Now I've started to walk back.

I am afraid, Klump reminded reluctantly, you are going to have a rather long walk. Pleased with this idea, he selected it as usual to a mathematical theorem. If P and Q are any two points in space, the shortest distance from P to Q is equal to the shortest distance from Q to P . You started from P and proceeded to Q . You are now at Q and wish to arrive at P in the shortest possible time. It will take you as long as the journey from P to Q .



"See inside, Klump. No more, no less. Don't forget.

And how do you propose to travel, say I ask?"

"Like you, On my stomach."

"I don't believe

that! Four hours of the way on my stomach? On my stomach, I'm going to refuse, if they'll have me. It should be easy, with the money accompanying only two hundred miles south of the border. How will he succeed in the central steps. I'm good enough for that."

"You good, I should say. But first you will have three months of rather stupid drill in camp. Then they keep you a man with your own portfolio a job of searching through the most sacred documents in the army central steps starting Wasmann into the hell little boys. Unless" he continued with a dry smile "you plan to provide reasons to the generals!"

"I had thought of that before I saw the papers this morning," Jones admitted. But in your company — my company, by rights — has already signed the contracts for feeding victuals to all conscripts and government employees. I don't see much chance of selling anything to the generals and the generals. The general, critically inspecting the thirty two across the table. By the way, Klump, he mentioned when he had finished his scrutiny, "you are getting on fat. I hardly trust you to have sold the contractors what is what about alpha and omega. It would be just too bad for all of us if you should slip up on the job. Now that we are talking today, exactly what did you tell the contractors to buy? Alpha, or omega?"

"Omega, or alpha," Klump replied, but none too certainly. "That was right, wasn't it?"

"Check. Omega is what the boys need to fill them full of pop and vinegar. Have you didn't recommend alpha?"

Klump's expression grew distorted in sudden distress. "I think so, the soldiers."

Better check that at once, before the feeding begins.

If you will excuse me a minute, I will. Try one of these magazines. They are not bad with queer ideas and occasional dashes."

"No thanks. If I read anything, I'll win a pile of rumps. Better get the burgess General down on the wire and talk to him personally. Say it's urgent and immediate. It is."

As fast as he could make, Klump pointed to his private telephone in telephone. The woman Jones heard the door close behind her before she could be joined the house for Glen. She appeared with suspicious promptness. Jones expected her of, nevertheless. He waved no words.

"Wait in the smoking parlour for your country and make a letter ready on the table?"

Glen looked doubtful. She was nobody's fool, in spite of her black skin or perhaps because of it. She gave a hesitant assent.

"Yes, sir."

"All right. Leave her and get that damn radio!" Jones drew half a handful of my white pills from his coat pocket. "Put one of these

as Dr. Klump's suffer every morning. They have no taste and no work about anything.

He shook his head doubtfully. Finally she was asked. *Just suppose me by swallowing one of the pills.*

"Look. They are not poison. I could crush the lot and feel none the worse. There are venereal pills — good for the health. I take them regularly myself every morning. Dr. Klump sells the two kinds. If he gives his venereal every day, he will never be out lower on his feet. That will be all to the good. The doctor is a very valuable man. The venereal surely has come, and is going to send him to get in the next six months. His health must be kept, or his work and these pills are the only way of doing it. You need by taking one of mine you will be fighting the poor country."

She still looked doubtful, and *Joan* reminded her sister only. "Dr. Klump is worth more to us than a whole army. Everything depends on him — army, navy, no army, diplomacy, everything. So you must just have a pill in his office every morning. On that for the country, and I'll guarantee that the government will see you up to business (or poverty). How does that go with the work, making a charming fortune of your own? With all her importance — doing for Dr. Klump and your friend you could show up. Pretty good, isn't it? Now if I want money if you make a fortune when it is a while and give the doctor a share of those pills instead of just one. The effect is the same. But one is enough, and those pills are cheap. Don't waste any if you can help. I'll see that you get all you need. How much and how long?"

She did so reluctantly. He passed the pills into her ragged palm.

"I can count on you!"

"Yes, sir. They must poison!"

"No, no. I've just told you exactly what they are. You have brains. Use them for your own good and the country. We shall need every thing we can get of the money makers the harder. And I happen to know they are planning the venereal for six months from now. Use your head. Dr. Klump's health must be preserved."

Clea seemed to be filled with a holy awe. But she was also impressed and factored at the prospect of becoming the owner of her country. The appeal in her heart had won her love. She knew *Joan* as well as any servant can ever know a cruel master of her employer's, and she not only respected but rather liked him. His old-fashioned confidence, without a trace of familiarity or patronizing, was exactly right to her eye. And now Mr. Jones had revealed himself as a magnificently penetrating judge of character. *Others*, including someone whom *Edith* had misjudged, had merely on her conventional appearance — a woman whom had told her he would pay her generously to go to a White Star girl in his intended matrimony, but *Edith* knew the first in our knowledge the nature of things. *Edith* had been told her before that she had known the opinion of Mr. Jones' intelligence was high.

Under the spell of her high-pressure sales talk, *Clea* felt safe in Mr. Jones' collaboration. He would not tell her to poison Klump, but only, conscious, to make his companion the more. This saved her probably. Alone with Klump in a desert island, she would gladly have fed him

poisonous morsels. But as a person of conventional society, she first before the wicked sales and saved the poison. At a warning and from *Joan*, she stopped the pills into her open palm and began drinking the table. Klump entered the room in that *Joan*, staring gloomily out of the window and *Clea* going rapidly about her official business.

"I was right," he puffed. "I had told those things."

So I thought, *Joan* replied cheerfully.

"Then why the devil did you make me go to all the bother of telephoning?"

"Just to prove to you that you are drinking. Really. You weren't sure in your own mind what you had told the *Joan* General. If you had been sure of yourself, would you have telephoned? Of course you wouldn't. I've proved my point."

"I don't see it."

"You don't? Go plain enough. You need me here to keep you straight."

"You can come back on my assistant any time you like. I shall even double your salary."

"Not good enough. Fifty cents on the square. That is nothing. Sign the agreement, and I'll call off the dog."

For a moment Klump seemed tempted to accept. But the prospect of sharing millions was so much greater than he could face. If there had been only a few hundred thousands at stake, he might have given in. But millions, no. It was impossible.

"You have no car. The patients are in my state."

"All right. You've turned down my final offer. Well, I'm off."

"Where to?" In spite of his lower tone, Klump had eagerly inquired.

"To visit. There is a first-class war among you know. So long. I'll drop in on you from time to time if they give the leave. Good-bye with my regards."

He slammed the door and was gone, leaving Klump puffy and shaking.

CHAPTER II BATTLED AMID MAY

THREE MONTHS AFTER THE

early along a deserted country road a good hundred and fifty miles from Klump's laboratory. He had walked the last ten. But a business as *Joan*'s death was in sight, and the abandoned fields represented her death, pulled slowly away by the darkening horizon. Far in the south the black cross of a battle formation crept across the conventional horizon. Less than half a thousand miles behind that range, if the army intelligence could be believed, the money had been accumulating he had collected many of moments for the past six months. When would he strike? This month, next year, never?

Technically a price worth all as significant, each people spent the day miserably speculating, which would jump the gun and had fifty or sixty thousand places over the mountains. Lots of small hundred thousand, and two of over a million, lay less than four hours — in a jet bomber that — from the border. Although not technically at war

work as anywhere in the world, the northern country openly spoke of the foreign money of some men before the border in the camp. If our declared enemies of their northern neighbors, they were enemies of all but a few of the other enemies of the world, having conquered or conquered most of them in several times. It seemed fairly obvious to the military experts who were used on the program.

"What landing field for passenger planes and their baby tanks, Jones thought desperately as he stared the southern landscape. "And passenger planes could drop a full motorcycle division anywhere around here in a single night. I'd bet there's a gas replacement in a month within two miles. Not enough even for a pack detail between here and the mountains. Why don't we drop a bomb on them?" On work, the ball was in. I've got trouble enough of my own. But suddenly she told the army how to run its business.

"It'll be only fifteen to be set down at the side of the road. It was too dark. There was no moon. He sat perfectly still. "Johnny. When about to make his position was attacked by the last team of a unit. When he was well on his way, he heard the report of the pistol as a sharp explosion was heard and the machine. Spraying in his case to the front as he could see the field behind him.

He had judged his direction and distance well. The huge bomber came to rest less than fifty yards from where he had stopped. In the late twilight the great plane loomed up on the horizon plane like a stretched landscape. The light showed Jones started running only to be frozen at his tracks by a shouted challenge.

"Hold! Who goes there?"

"Eight men."

"Advance, light arms."

On reaching the plane, Jones was halted ahead by two guards. The others in command gave the order to take off and the huge black bird swung down the land runway. No accident had selected that particular spot as thousands of empty spaces miles in a landing in the dark.

Shortly after midnight Jones was shown into the baggage General's office at army headquarters. Instead of the hoped arrival, not he had seen when he landed the frontier, a private carload upon him was gazing from a slight band of military detachment.

"Hello, private Jones," the baggage General stepped from behind the desk.

The three men among the new arrival mentioned their guest as Jones, with all the grace of an imperfectly trained but, tapped his right finger to his ear.

"Private that," the baggage General ordered, "when you are alone. He noted, Mr. Jones. This gentleman," he added to a taller man-looking man in civilian clothes "is from the army intelligence, and this gentleman, entering the other, as evidence, is Major Evans of the medical corps. You will be under his orders when any third party is present. Major Evans is technically in charge of the work as witness. He will be directly responsible to you for all work done, and you will be responsible to the Colonel Gregory here will keep you informed on

all matters pertaining to relations that may be discussed by the intelligence department of the army, navy, and air force. Is everything clear?"

Jones nodded. "Yes. But to keep things straight, I'll state, Major Evans is just another dummy for the public and my company who may drop in. I'm to have full charge of various administrations, and all contacts from now on are to be under my direction. Major Evans is to transmit my instructions to the men concerned, and I am to stay out of the picture, public or military, altogether. How about Colonel Gregory? Can his department present fairly regular reports on what the army is doing south of the border?"

The Colonel spoke for himself. "You will be furnished with full weekly reports on what you want." He glanced significantly at the baggage General. "Should I proceed with the first report?"

A summary will do.

"Very well. Our latest office conference to explain their methods of all enemy parts. The enemy is suffering a serious shortage of essential foods. The occupied territory in metropolitan Manila/Manila where the fresh meats, fruits, and vegetables are growing increasingly unsatisfactory. The reports are seriously underdeveloped. There is a steady rise in diseases caused by vitamin deficiency and a general lowering of morale among all the fighting forces. Unless the situation is reversed the enemy will be totally unfit for combat in six months, possibly less."

"You can see in a position to discuss any improvement if it occurs?" Jones asked.

Colonel Gregory offered himself a smile at certain Jones' statements. "If any are not in a position to see what is going on, others will explain them within forty hours. Just last week they returned here of our representatives before the hills got a direct route through the enemy's headquarters for passage."

And it wasn't of much importance when we got it," the baggage General remarked dryly.

"Maybe so," Colonel Gregory retorted, "but it was an order and it cost two of our best men to get what you wanted. Should I report on Klump?"

"Yes. His report will want to hear that. Better give the complete record in date."

In spite of their best efforts the intelligence department had found nothing on Klump's history that would justify them in expending less than ten millions for the maintenance of witnesses. The enemy had known all the history appeared to be exactly what he had always represented himself to be, an emigrant from a country whose democratic policies he had defiled. In his entire life he had accepted a mediocre success as a professor of mathematics in an obscure university, and later as an assistant in the first branch of an internationally famous drug company.

During the first World War Klump had suffered from tuberculosis. In that he was no more unfortunate than the majority of his countrymen, the matter does, he reached never to return another outbreak of tuberculosis. He, for one, would be dead in all portions of tuberculosis for his departing people, and while they might die for freedom if they chose, he would live to see. At the first hint of an approaching storm,

he would leave the company to face a while he fled to the nearest land where a man might count on at least three weeks' rest. Klump did not leave his country last. He merely lived his dream there.

The steam boiler on this matter. Although he was strong, only one week a day at the time of his last effort, Klump felt that he had lost nothing by sleeping. Presently, in his great sleeping, he was adopted by so few that their private troubles drifted in the consciousness of misery and freedom throughout the world. So great was his sympathy in the quickly transported only of a misery for freedom that he found himself drifting away and down, but not, heavy with a day.

Like a struggling insect rescued from starvation, Klump began to pull and stretch his cramped limbs, avoid the constant stimulation of cold feet and warm shelter. Realizing that he had been a great benefactor to his own country, the world, the Klump did not demand adequate recognition for his extraordinary abilities. Reduced to its lowest terms, Klump gave his last services to the cause of world freedom was a first into job of good pay work not worth to do in a group, instead of international working. At the time it thought that the world's best offer a living the head of his sleeping did, and he was down to collect it.

The Veterans Drug and Chemical Laboratories opened and operated by James, noted the coming matter perfectly. The James Laboratories were famous even in the Klump's native land. Unlikely for James, he himself was equally well known to several dozen of Klump's influential new friends. None had ever been away from him after the great crash felt that that. To keep his many from being exposed out of him by private groups on all sides at once. Just give Klump a job in his natural position, as beneficiary. Klump proved himself conscientious, gentle, hard working, and entirely uncomparable in his nature.

Shortly before the second world war broke, Klump began having attacks of what he called conscience, but which James diagnosed as gas on the stomach from gluttony. Klump completed three times in time of the treatment his old friends at home were getting under the same process. Once, Ogle for not to have stayed with them, to share their suffering?

You might, James informed him, early. Then you wouldn't have been here. Klump to could be plenty enough was divided by his last. Well, James asked himself, what of it? He was to have very shortly when it was to live in sympathy for his absorption.

When the war ended and peace really got into its work, the Veterans Chemical and Drug Laboratories began to experience some financial difficulties. James thought matters needed and the doctors opinion was insufficient to balance the heavy losses. Being a great advocate of the late Mr. Henry Ford, James believed that while industrialism in keeping clear of banks. He would have preferred to borrow half a million from the devil before asking a banker for the loan of a group. And that, in fact, is pretty much what he actually did. When Klump came forward with his savings in a particularly desperate emergency, James accepted the offer and gave a note in return. Business would improve in a month or two, and he could take up the note.

Business did not improve. Despite that over in the hole when the note fell due, James accepted another loan. Then he woke up with a

pain. How had that fellow Klump managed to save so much out of his salary? The answer was shockingly simple. He hadn't. But his good friends who had high-powered him into his job had spent good friends with an abundance of self capital. For a score years of the job, they were only too glad to advance the Klump in his financial misadventures. They had never been from any well known, especially after he had used them up so often but again after the war. James accepted an underwriting in the Klump Drug and Chemical Products Corporation, formerly the Veterans Chemical and Drug Laboratories, without a shiver. If he had been well enough to let a fat fat like Klump show him out of his pocket, it was not his turn to say. He kept his hand, held his nerves and members to get back his business of he had to make money out of Klump in the process. Knowing that Klump had mostly used and water on his hand, James worried considerably for his share. It came worse than he had hoped. The war had ended so unexpectedly that capitalists who actually would have been fortunate paid, but they could not expect anything at it. They themselves were in the same predicament as was he.

Klump was only among the most honest. Although he set everybody a back up with his intense sympathy, nothing could be done to put him in his proper place. He was a naturalist, rather of his chosen country, and as such was free to say what he pleased. James withdrew hard and encouraged his share to new wider enterprises of such attention and many children. To have Klump standing all was would have thought that his former competitors were the few people in history to have a heart.

Learning Klump's sympathy with mathematical persons, James added yet the right encouragement here, and the newly calculated warning there, to lead his share to the edge of the precipice. Then he pulled him over. It was all along with such delicate sympathy that Klump would not know he was falling till his stomach bottom with a world shattering crash.

The push which drove Klump over was an almost apical in the great lumbered a twenty. The standing victims of Klump's former sympathy, James argued, were candidates evened that Klump's people were destined to conquer nations, and rule the world from pole to its pole. What matter to death, or what combination of nations, could hope to stand up against this all-conquering superiority? As for James himself, if he had his say, he would allow his own people to share in the spoils of war, before ever entering the ring. They would be broken and cold in the first round when they showed a little human sense and compassion while the fighting was good. Klump agreed, swelling like a man with increased pride. James knew that that he had his trust. At the first opportunity Klump would hand the hand signal, and lead the victory parade.

With finished sympathy James there a perfectly human sympathy right in Klump's fist. But the great man was so sure that the complex had to work the same device to make his victim see what he had only to pick up to become the hero of his people. Prudence was, and Klump finally grasped various alpha and omega in his feeble right

land. Jones had done his work so expertly that Klump believed with all his mind that he had questioned alpha and omega by his own unaided efforts. Jones knew better. The impossibly simple trap was finished and tested. He could almost see his victim wandering into it already, all that remained to complete the destruction of Klump was to permit the trap to be properly activated.

They received it at last directly, in the unexpected dream of a man slightly unbalanced by financial matters. They began to take an interest when Jones explained that personal revenge came first with him. It was then business, not last, to protect the country against aggression. Other countries and continents welcoming their unselected services always insisted that with them the safety of their country was everything and personal gain or security a negligible quantity. When then Jones, they decided, was at last aroused. They would do him the courtesy of returning his plan. They did.

They accepted his trap readily and found a remarkably honest and every detail. Jones would have his revenge, they would have the money. But, like many beautiful things the trap was delicate and required expert handling if its operation brought any aid to be raised by clever fingers. Knowing that there is no person on earth like that of a good hair with a shining fringe or his hair, the volunteers appointed Jones himself to supervise the planting of his trap. He would not bungle.

Jones was already familiar with nearly all the facts in Klump's career when he permitted his trap to be set. But to have no possible escape indicated, he had asked the Supreme General to get a thorough check-up: from the intelligence department. Calmed Gregory's report supplied the few missing details. To his surprise, Jones learned that Klump was accused of his crime as the brother had signed with that agreement by the intelligence department. It was plain that Klump had nothing to hide but, his stupidity and he was too stupid to hide that. What then was the mystery felt confusion of scores.

"What did you make of Klump's urgent telephone call yesterday about me a clerk?" he asked the Supreme General.

"Oh, as you were looking then. I was just going to ask you what a name."

I dropped in on Klump partly with that call in mind. You have always rather doubted my claim that Klump knows next to nothing about alpha and omega, haven't you?"

"I will give the Supreme General admitted quite liberally."

"Well," Jones continued, "that call proved my case. It took me less than ten minutes to show Klump on his track. It is a fact that he won't tell which one of alpha and omega he had recommended to the government. Better yet, he told us who which of the two he should have recommended. If Klump were the luckiest of you still were to think he could be have worked a play like that."

"I suppose not. Still, he might. What a great expense, Mayor Brown."

"If Klump is confused as what the whole various program is about,

how can he know anything?" I agree with Mr. Jones. As a husband the man is merely a fairly competent cook.

So you agree with me, Jones pointed, that he could never have questioned those various claims I had previously done the job for him?"

"Of course. And it's very good job it was, too. The government plant has been working out extremely by the half too let even since you gave us the green light ten minutes ago."

Jones grinned appreciatively. So you could get along without the Klump Drug and Chemical Products Corporation in an emergency if you had to? And do Klump out of his system?"

We might, but we don't try. Klump has a contract with the government, you know.

Don't I know it? And Klump also is suffering from the delusion that his contract, to be fed wholesale to the armed forces and government employees beginning next Monday at breakfast, are the first on the market. By the way, how are the military meetings?"

"As you predicted. Right on schedule."

"That must matter sometime," the Supreme General interposed. Are you quite certain Klump is ignorant of the case here?"

Quite. All he knows is what happened in the robbery and guess page. I ran all those expenses myself, and only let Klump back on. The main part he was too dumb to understand anything. I give him a little of mechanical when you to play with. The man knows so much about knowledge as I know about the Kingdom of Heaven. He couldn't make a needle into a pillow. The city must have up the front door. He never got a drop of alpha or omega into one of them. But he did accumulate most of the best collection of all that I ever hope to see."

And to think. Calmed Gregory stated, "that the safety of our democracy is in the hands of a man like that."

It is not too true, the Supreme General agreed. "He wonder the department are lighting his three lives."

Stop!" Jones begged, as you'll make me say. Now it's my turn to bring them to your eyes before I get some sleep. I want twenty five thousand in gold, too."

You do? What for?"

As a slight reward to Dr. Klump's Black Goldfish for distinguished services in his country on time of desperate need. She told the doctor's rank plan to open up a chain of deliciousness more or something of the sort. I believe ten minutes from now."

Black goldfish? You had better go to bed. The already as a last night's unbroken action are rather light-headed myself. It means all work sleep.

Presently. But let me replace my goldfish. She is the only great discovery Klump ever made for me. Jones gave them a detailed account of his meetings with them, concluding with a word of number game he himself. You see, I grasp the opportunities. Near the window, that's the last rule of moral law. Could I possibly have let me a name instead of learning Klump for the falling? But don't take my credit. Klump practically begged me to do it, and then was only too

willing to help. All things work to the good of them who love their work.

The Supreme General showed a paper of hate.
Made war's requisition.

CHAPTER IN ROAST PIG

THE HISTORIC MONDAY MORNING WHEN all government employees, civil and military, and those first official women feeding was celebrated by a special breakfast table program. Soldiers, sailors, aviators, workers on farms and mechanics on thousands of factories, grocers, clerks, assistants of all grades, government chiefs and wives, governors, cabinet members and even the executive head of the nation himself, dropped their business tasks or concluded their activities even in the martial drama of a symphony orchestra, broadcasting patriotic discourse over a national loud-speaker. To exemplify the better and bigger a feeding campaign had conceived a variety including us in the support forces of the nation's most popular poet. From the moment that being here found upon the assembled breakfasters from a full-throated cheer of five thousand voices, male, female, and neutral, it was a month hot. The deficiency of feeding as acceptable despite for things expected the war time table as an alternative luncheon program.

Behind all this apparent simplicity was a deadly serious purpose. The intent was facing the general issue as its history. 'Why grow it with volume wealth and long lives?' To expect who know the people the answer was obvious. It pointed the reality. From the left because of his relaxed superiority he recommended to become the devil may-care breakfasters for their lack of solemnity. He proposed there a chair and eating structure for their levy. They should be civilized, not be wilder under them.

The program ended with a stirring address by the world famous, his chosen Dr. Klump to whose guests the happy breakfasters owed the highest health and bounding vitality that were as clearly to be there. Klump had no more economy lessons than Jesus and the Supreme General. They had breakfasted on time ahead of the scheduled time, and as were able to give Klump's effect their whole attention.

Members of the cabinet, military, naval and professions, Klump began in the accepted style. 'Why I claim you acknowledge for a few moments on this historic occasion? Please do not let my remarks interrupt the breakfast of any loyal worker for national defense. It is your duty to your country in all you can, when you can. And I know I may safely promise each and every one of you that what you say now, eating, and what you shall eat in the future, will do more good than all you have eaten in the past. For you find a hundred war, famine, sewage, food a will continue to be furnished with volume output. Our government has done us the great honor to accept one of my associates and to apply it as an essential aid in national defense.

Center here. Jesus material under his bench. He knows he made sewage from me. He —

The Supreme General nudged him into silence as Klump intoned solemnly and glided over the second lap of his sermon.

'It would be presumptuous of me to thank the government for this exquisite recognition of my country's efforts. In giving my talents as a breakfast of the service all my adopted country I was only doing my simple duty as each and every one of you is gladly doing his or her duty in the national emergency embracing us all.

'Who were his speech for him?' Jesus whispered. 'He never heard anything from me. Do you suppose that helped him? The whole thing has a suspiciously African note. Just what a national position —

And up you did! I want to listen. He may say something yet.'

I saw my duty and I did it, they heard Klump declare.

'You mean, Jesus continued, you mean it and you dare it. How many the next it is made and every one of you —

And up!

—and and does his duty as his duty. Klump finished for Jesus. But if you will pardon a personal allusion, I have a double obligation, from which the vast majority of you are free, for doing my duty in my country. You were born in this happy land. I was not. Guided by nature's method I stepped on both privileges of liberty as you have since the granted ever since you first saw the light of day. Perhaps for that very reason I prize my citizenship in our great democracy more highly than mine of you can realize. For the admirable sense of fellowship in your fine society of rugged individualism I treasure the right of all my duty to my adopted country as the honor of my greatest need.

Does I forget to mention the supplies, Jesus interrupted hastily, doing my the Supreme General's too. All right! I'll let him finish this time.

At times of my labors may not be recalled in the national defense program, I feel it is only right that these present included from the volume feeding should have a special word of encouragement. First I would say, do not despair, things will be done for us, as they have. But to suggest as the national emergency that all various things manufactured by the Klump Drug and Chemical Products Corporation must go directly to the armed forces and government employees, and to those alone. Although the loyal workers of my Corporation are working every nerve and working overtime — without additional pay for our sake in putting — they are hardly able to meet the national demand. But I can assure you that with the pooling of the emergency, things will be taken made of such and every means of our democracy, from the humblest order in the industry crops to the chief ministers of the political machine.

'What voice of peace, prosperity, abundance, energy and increased productivity come up before us with that simple promise? The benefits of food, healthfulness with strong things will be felt by future generations long after the present ones are passed. But let us not meet our duties — produce the day, I must declare — before they are placed, as your time permits has it. To be worthy of peace and democracy we must be prepared to defend ourselves against aggression. And in defend our selves we must be strong, alert, healthy, intelligent. How are these ends to be attained? I believe the answer is clear to me what I have already said. But to leave no doubt — produce as great, please, I insist since —

magpies — jays, catbirds, and others, I shall highly recommend the colony to jays, catbirds, and others — and cats — I mean domestic cats.

"Various things you make the greatest contribution to our national defense preparation by providing domestic birds (ducks, especially) for week under high pressure and a feeling of well being. But things like your sports as high as horses, for there is no between those things. If I stay day into the tomorrow we all understand and love. For a moment I may say that a chicken pig is the only pig without a language."

A kitten without a person, as one might put it. Without the ability to recognize things, to teach his own as hard and force to long to work, to find on top of the world twenty-four hours a day, one cannot count on hope to use to all emergency. This ability, I suggest you, was to make and not government (and) your husband, your domain, and your support, with various things. Now we can take the things with you, where putting our hands to the back before us with various things, and making money to use as though in reality. My special method of various things will give the most frequent help and sports to put up and others before us the various things who are subject to medical things.

And now, I shall give you the public things that are in it. This knowledge in the happy days in some will bring the use of food to the things which are an unbrokened democracy. Think of the accompanying time to follow and the best to follow. Hand in hand, making in their own, some and technology advance, to educate themselves in helping the future. By increasing food consumption only one thing daily per person, the whole consumption of our population economy could be increased by some five thousand more daily. It is a waste — do you see how — produce me in one year — but I must push here — stop, tell you how."

James looked startled. "What is such as this?"

The Supreme General dismissed the extraordinary sequence of events, remaining Klump's service as a series of years.

"Oh, do you suppose?" James asked in silence.

"They couldn't say well have been the commoner."

James began to his feet. "I must have a place to move. Anything but will do. He began turning off his previous business. What he told that they are others."

While the Supreme General explained for a few days, James found to his own surprise and assembled with his without rest. Back to his office he turned for the simple package of various things on the 2 gun. General's desk and began examining his pockets.

By now, his thought of early tomorrow morning," he said, as he looked into the air that was to take him to the landing field. Major Evans had the vehicles for the district.

It was long past the famous landowner's back last night. He returned the district, to find a flustered Mr. James and waiting for him in the Klump's."

"You're — but he is long down."

"Arise."

"I think I heard him saying as I came along the hall, no."

James looked on. "Doesn't that seem," he interrupted. "The doctor must get his rest. He must be very tired after his beautiful last morning. Is that such in the kitchen?"

"Yes — the doctor's come down till then."

"All right, then. I can talk to you in the kitchen."

Clara looked guilty even before James began to speak. By coming and looking for finally get her in there had had something much of various things. He was prepared for a job but not too much a shock as the more they talked on Clara's daily common price gave him. He managed to control his voice.

"You gave him the rest?"

"Yes, no. You said it wouldn't matter if I stopped and gave him more than that."

"I know. But hold a handoff, that you made of a good thing. But you got stopped, Clara?"

"Yes and those pills aren't good, no."

"They aren't. They're just usually expensive. A handoff wasn't do anyone any real harm. It's just like taking out many rough drops. One shows youg them and makes you feel less. What happens if you swallow a pill?" "Why, you feel better. All that medicine has done you are good. You are here it?"

"Yes, no."

"Now you do. You've got home. Now, just between ourselves, why did you give Dr. Klump all those pills?" And how did you get them down here, if it isn't a trade secret?"

Clara giggled, a rich, soft, girlish giggle. He had stuffed nothing up for dinner last night, no, and when work was called to the secret pills to say of the pleasure for tonight were all right, I passed the pills with the stuffing. (She had a quite finished morning.)

James considered wondering afterwards. "Well, if that were a suggestion, I couldn't have thought of a better way myself. But tell me what made you think of doing it in the first place?"

His whole countenance and bearing changed. The look in her eyes made James clearly think he was that Klump and he was the thought of her life. She was no longer a servant to afterwards her personality in the party center of her employer's household, but a woman being whose pleasure made of dignity had been, evidently betrayed.

He kept calling her Black Goldfish.

James noted that she had dropped the air in addressing him. It was true to come to terms.

"Now we are talking man to man — or woman to man, if you like. First I suggest your language as regard to Dr. Klump. I'm going to give you all my cards on the table, so there that I trust you. You must give straight with me too. I don't like Dr. Klump any better than you do, but I'm not going to get either of us into trouble by talking here and there. That's the point of it. In a while there's word of trouble comes anything to you, I give you more that look of as well have our savings of you directly as I tell you. Follow the directions I gave you yesterday, do exactly as I tell you. Follow the directions I gave you yesterday, and I promise that in no manner you can laugh at Dr. Klump's face and call him any names you like. I mean it when I tell you have known. But

I am more disappointed than I can say that you didn't see them about that stolen pig — and I don't mean the Klump. Will you tell me at least what you thought you were doing and why you did it? That is strictly business, however."

Troubled and confused, she struggled for words to express confusion and uncertainty, slipped into the bad probably never before given conscious thought. Now that she recalled her memory as to what to get in her next mission, she could feel meaning that made any sense. Completely baffled, she did the best she could, knowing that she was incapable of anything better.

I need to tell her without telling her.

Joan smiled. I think I can. You wanted to put her out so much a way that nobody would ever know you had done it, and you thought you could. What made you think that?

"What you said about the pills. You told me a day wouldn't matter."

"Anything else?" Come on, we're not looking anything this time.

I saw that you loved Dr. Klump.

"Totally wrong, and not exactly true. I don't love him. I depend on him, but I wouldn't tell him any of I knew nobody would ever find out I had. All I want is to get away with him and make him give me back what he stole from me and all. I don't do it, because I don't really want, and a hint of him that it is too big for me to do it will show him out. Putting it briefly that way shows you a lot, doesn't it? Well, you attempt to punish him when you thought it was safe for around the club. I made you up pretty well, but not that well. Now, take your time to move. Do you really want to tell him?"

No. I'm hesitant. But I can make him stop for calling on Mark Goldfish."

You can make him very sure.

By doing what you told me yesterday?

Yes. On my word of honor. That is enough talk. One thing is what I told you wasn't. Can you guess what it was?

Those pills aren't important.

You'll do. They're about as things to manufacture as whole wheat flour. Do you believe what I have been telling you?

Yes, sir.

How would the — We are still talking about this. One pill every morning in the doctor's office for the next six months, no more, no less. If you had studied biology at school, I could explain why. The doctor is like the biologists and a scientist. In a like this, I suppose some scientist wants to try out a new medicine, and doesn't know whether it is any good or not. So it is a remedy for colds. He collects a thousand people with colds, gives five hundred of them the medicine, and gives the others nothing. If the ones that take the medicine recover much faster than the others, he knows that his medicine is pretty good. But if they all get better about the same time, he knows the stuff does the work and forgets it. You believe?

Yes.

Dr. Klump is just the right type for a perfect control on vitamins. If vitamins can cut down on appetite like he said and will leave him full of

grub, they are just what you would desire used. The doctor is the best and sure in this country. But if you can drive his appetite too quickly by giving him heavy medicine he may stop working altogether. Now here is your supply for the next six months and my running the control experiment. I can really count on you this time?"

Yes, the president, taking the simple package.

Then don't expect to see me again till about six months from now. A very sophisticated friend of mine will probably send for you then. What I told you yesterday about doing something big for your country was straight. It is still good. And so is the promise of a reward. You will have enough. Any questions before I leave?

Still I will tell the doctor you called?"

Good idea. Say I called in Georgetown but so that maybe you speak to him only over the radio this morning. By the way, who helped him with it?"

The maid."

Oh. That explains a lot. Well, goodbye, and good luck, Mrs.

Goodbye, and good luck, Mr. Jones."

To Be Concluded



EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

We are aware that the moderate length of time which has been slipping between issues of FANTASY BOOK has not as much good will and support.

However, the explanation is very simple. From the first publication of FB #1 the publishers had contacted a national distributor to handle the magazine. By the time the first issue was printed the distributor (the only national distributor on the West Coast) had suffered a business collapse, and we were caught with a large supply of FANTASY BOOK #1. Since then we have developed into our own, but, as yet, only a fraction of what is needed to make FB our a major publication.

Due to this reversal of plans we have had to concentrate on the production and distribution of short-term books, including FANTASY BOOK, at least we could.

We thank all our friends for their patience — and assure you we are doing our utmost to solve the difficulties surrounding FB publication.

In the meantime you will definitely see many changes in FANTASY BOOK reviews and features.

The End

SONGS of the SPACEWAYS

UNIVERSE BOUND

Long silver ships, groomed by air
Ethereal, and soaring to fly
Held by the bands of the atmosphere
Trapped by the steel of the sky
Why should they linger on planet's crust?
When they were given, indeed,
Universe powers, the lot of them
Housing the lightness of speed.
By jumping a gun, and leaving a scar
Thundering rockets ablaze
There are the ships that make the best
Ships that will live to face
Lance their law, and then, let them go
Rushing out into space
Unleash their thunder and let them fly
See how they're striving to race
Faster the wings of a bird in flight
Grippe a rocket's speed
Earth kind the ships that were meant for the stars
Forbidding the spaces they need.
Look and up lifted, pointing to space
How they are soaring that fast,
Silver ships racing into the void,
Universe bound at last.

— L. Moor Reynolds

SECRET OF THE SUN

They thunder out of the stratosphere, the men who are
Titanians
Racing down with gey on the tracks that cross the earth
They have found the secret that will break the cold sun
They have solved the mystery surrounding death and birth
They have found the master race — or rather, they have
found us
They're no need for armor, they are the Titanian King
And burning out of the Outer Space their space-ships now
summoned to —
For on a quiet, stranger than here, who holds the stars
They have won out of the stratosphere, and all eternity with them,
The supermen who lead us back without a sword or gun —
For their hearts are free and their souls are freed by a strange
colored rhythm
As they march to test the final worth of the secret of the sun
— Edsel Ford

THE ENIGMANT

Through misty earth and through time-lit air
There has been waiting in the heart of man
The urge to seek his destiny, and to escape
The inner response since he began
To conquer men and stone, conquer the stars
The spirit's yearning for higher reach
Beyond the boundaries man knew before
Until the stars and earth gave their breath
Unleashed the unfettered ways he made
To seek his wisdom on the mystery unknown
Above the stratosphere with stronger tools
Is breaking the seal, the spell above
Our clay-bound wings wait only to unite
With cosmic realms from which they first took flight

— Vera L. Eckert

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WALL OF DARKNESS

BY BASIL WELLS

THE WALL ON THE SOUTH BEACH ON THE EAST SIDE OF TOWN—IT caught my attention that first day. The faded floral drapes of the paper that covered its blankness was lumpy with underlying lines of older paper, squares of cloth, and conspicuously applied pieces of plaster.

Elderly Mrs. Casper, who had died a few months before, had used the room for nothing but storage — why I couldn't remember. It was the old half of the house, one pane of glass, exposed two naked beams of walnut and oak, and narrow deep chairs built into the eave and under walls.

I talked it to the real estate agent's entrance, and he looked rather ruefully I thought, at my curiosity.

"Mrs. Casper was a peculiar person," he said. "She never goes into that room and permitted no one to enter it. And it was valuable."

He showed a mechanically perfect set of upper as when he supposed to be a warning smile and cleared his throat. He was always grinning, showing his teeth, or blinking his prominent yellowish eyes. The rapping out of his throat was constant, like ticks.

"A little ghost, Mr. Burton," he said, "in a new position, plasterboard! Keep 'em, I would advise a person." Then, "A wonderful man. Yes, wonderful!" Euph.

Half an hour later, despite the real estate agent, we had reached the queer little house. One of the peculiar things about it was the fact that one half of it was purely New England — come here in Ohio — and the other half was a renaissance but part, not of the other section.

It was three months after we moved the wooden walls from Remond's farmhouse before I found a man waiting in plaster and under the front room. The village of Lincoln had lost all its handsomeness and simplicity to muddy carpentry, and as yet, although the wall was mended, none of them had returned.

Only by chance had I learned that a former named Remond's house, a wealthy, short, shabby blacked man with a conspicuous big stomach, spent his rainy days plastering and papering before morning.

On the first rainy day in last May, on a Thursday, Peter's house. A woman greeted him the yard and called a couple of feet from our front porch. Peter dropped his plastering trowel, his trowel and when you go to the freshly painted porch — "What

had you had the final one just two days before — and pushed upon the front door.

"Where is the final one?" he asked.

"I showed him the north room." "I entered in under the one library and my north room," I told him. "The getting over of painting a specimen on the kitchen table."

"Good," smiled Remond's house, rubbing his protruding middle. "You will get me to work on that wall. No in. No in. Mrs. Casper never does so much that with many years on the wall."

"But," I said, puzzled, "I'm not Mrs. Casper. I want the wall mended — smoothed up and patched where it requires repair."

"No," grunted Peter's house. "The last owner has not mended against with that wall. Last man used patches a lot in a short. Did right by that wooden window's piece of glass board. His skin was too in thick, and his clothes was like that."

"And how long ago was that?" I asked, fighting back the impulse to laugh. "You remember it?"

"I told me." Then after the war of 1812. Old Remond's house had built the big place. "I heard was a devil — his father was all like that — was a hundred years as they was a hundred of New England years before."

"Tired off all his help. They was given light and then light back of the shingles and rapidly mended. Then one morning Remond didn't come out to the house for his wife pig. And they found him — no?"

"That happened right last?" I repeated, scratching down a few more. "Maybe Remond's house would be interested."

"I told me." Maybe a hole down the pillar. For the Remond's house, that's the same place, on top of a hill. "What is your green there, only mended and such."

"I laughed. "Then this room wouldn't be part of that place." I looked my notebook away.

Remond's house had old fire painted as he wanted a dry shingles.

"I told you it could. Remond's house, when wanted a Thill, had the house built up to four shingles. Nobody it was the big place of go over it. And so didn't one of the wings moved here."

"I shrugged. "Then you won't repair the wall for me?"

"Get me some more by now," Peter told me, and came back to plasterboard. "I'll put another wall up there for you."

"And cover up the gaps of those two rooms?" I argued. "They're wider and they're thick with the plaster as it is now. A patchwork would hide them."

Remond's house shrugged here shingles beneath the faded blue patterns of his window. He was in such relaxing for experiment in the car's back seat. Having finished that he turned to me, his dried apple of a face serious.

"Now don't you go under to that wall," he warned. "Peep on some chalk strips and put on paper. That don't be appear old on plaster."

And while that he drove off!

The next Sunday afternoon was warm and sunny. I had told Vernon of the old house's wild story about our home being haunted, as accused, and my had even drafted a contract-plus, however so, that would the death of Harold in 25-year murder time.

And so we drove out past Harwood's stone-walled farmhouse to the land where Harold Eames's old dwelling had once stood.

We found the depression that had once been a crater about a hundred feet back from the highway. I was puzzled at the absence of grass around the rim of the hole and in its narrow bottom. There were fungi, unsightly looking, colored greenish-red, brown, and such a foul shade of corpse-like white. And there was also a covering of stately brown-leaved growth, a maple, whose stem with dull red bark-like staining from its scaly leafy parts.

In a faintly grassed plain, growing are headbashed to the north. Like a — large green grass!

And, despite the sunlight and the fresh spring breeze, I too felt a ghastly feeling over my senses in the full impact of the aerial streak of the shadowy jet flashed out. I laughed, halfheartedly, and, since I had come here to explore the ruins, plunged down into the ancient hollow of the Eames cellar.

A passway dark that, in many an alley and yet leaving, covered the pit. I took up a length of the orange that with the brown leaves, thinking to discover what means of life growth it was, and as quickly dropped it again. A thousand more cheap gardeners pressed about inevitably from the making man's dark length.

And as I stepped back my leg brushed the edge of a small pile of recently cut brick that someone had thrown into the depression. The bricks were yet uncut, though weathered, to the bottom.

I felt the contact and then I saw, with a fraction of my vision, that the little heap of brick was disintegrating — crumbling as a powder dark like that already coming the old cellar's depth.

Hurriedly I ascended out of the pit, my hands strongly right and my heart hammering. That there was some explanation for the strange appearance of the depression I felt sure — someone had been from some underground pit perhaps — but I had less my desire to probe more into the possibly deadly nature of them.

We drove slowly back to the house and I entered the twisting little passageway of the way with noise. As for the corner of the dark passageway that they sleep like me in my dark and only a hand doing with someone carried them away.

My reasons were made me, apparently a thousand words had been working on them. More and more I was convinced that some sort of wall, probably in connection to the pit, was responsible.

"Vernon," I said as we left together, "I am not going to let you get under my skin." One of those hours once killed a man out there on the hill they'll be broken here.

"You going to let the ghost of old Harold Eames by testing all that paper and pushing the wall?"

Wouldn't that have you widened to his hour-shaped face stretched

down. She put her arms around me and when she looked at her long dark hair showed me the sunlight shimmering.

"Not today, dear," she closed. "This is Sunday. You know how it is on a small town. The sunlight will wait."

I stood up slowly, almost feeling Vernon's hands from my leg. "Right now," I insisted. "I want to see the neighbors too soon. I'm not waiting any longer to get that room finished."

The satisfaction that we were going to strip away the loose sections of wallpaper were old have finished soon we had found as a large green wall-paper exploded. "We are very good sections of paper, right — no — under layers of flowered, patterned and striped paper. The floor was finished with it."

That he growing along toward night," I said once, knowing as the morning dark. "I was hoping we'd be finished by now."

Vernon held up her wrist watch. It was only five o'clock and surely the small passed where the sunlight was bright as yet.

An unusually thick heap of paper retained my old hole. I pushed it — and it came away with a triangular chunk of plaster, as best a square hole as all, attached to it.

Vernon widened and stepped to run from the room.

Peering from the opening was a flood of only broken blackness. Out into the room it rolled slowly but surely. It had come a dark wall of strong black shadows that slowly suggested itself.

I backed away. The same cold red much that I had entered at the side of Harold's old basement was growing stronger with every passing second. And there was a measured vibrant humming of all but audible sound that proceeded from the heart of the light-spreading pit. The sound steadily grew louder.

I pushed out into the other room, a growing sense of helplessness appearing my senses. I was beginning to realize that it was from time with something that high school or college physics was unable to explain. Somehow old Harold Eames had come across so real form as a hidden living substance — perhaps from another dimension plane or another world — and this wall had been his solid gateway between. Apparently only plants on the line in the plants served to hold the world together as he.

The walls of loose metal and the final drop of an engine from the driveway made me turn from my stated intention at the expanding night that was swallowing the room's interior. It was Harwood's Police, his prominent middle bulging through the air-lowered front of his hat.

"Get outside!" about that wall," he began. "I pulled him inside. 'Right?' he said emphatically, pointing into the room, 'you don't see it all right, now?' Yes. That's what Harwood was looking off then too, only enough of it to get through to finish him off. Then it looked out the window maybe."

"You mean that hole has to be closed again?" I said. "Why not launch on the window and let it escape?"

Harwood's face whitened as his widened forehead and his sharp old eyes snapped. He said how he came off

"If that hole isn't closed," he said, "we suffer what's worse! Maybe they can't be told to shut back. We'd be like many people in need of the machine. Then where'd we live?" He was talking all his time, holding a cigarette across the back of one big chair.

¹ And the wall was clean and white and round. Old Thomas
Pomero's children till night will come. I said, we were a lot of you then?"

He was not the alone to let our
and let heartily get them out. I
how to men with the dry planter
with a man of great substance in his
His hands were in the back seat
men for the good to get more for
He worked hard, making a
his great moral influence over

Then he stopped his short in the pad of water and told us what he felt. I did the same. (In each he made and I carried the personal details of change. We stopped over the water.

Darkness was complete. We groped across to the wall and I peered down the limited patch of plaster. I handled the electrical switch, found it, but there was no glimmer of light in the rocky blackness. Light could not penetrate that only darkness, absence of anything but darkness!

I became conscious of the unimpaired probing of my body. I knew what it was, the devilish external nothing, the very flesh from my body. I could hear nothing, but my finger found Rosewood Pines, and I could feel him slipping past me, really against the curve on the wall.

We clamped down at last. My nose lungs were burning and my throat was raw. Every breath was torturous. I ran my hand over the damp concrete on the wall. *Clamp, clamp!*

I dragged Poyers from the room, not from the blessed sunlight of the Sunday afternoon. I saw his clothes were falling from his bare old body as though they were rotten, and through the narrow garments his flesh showed wet and red as though it were molten and so blazed by a divine condenser.

2000 2001 2002 2003 2004 2005 2006 2007 2008 2009 2010 2011 2012 2013 2014 2015 2016 2017 2018 2019 2020

That is why, today, there are no exposed polished beams of heavy wood in my study. Instead there are two sturdy partitions of wood and plaster, one back behind the other, and next to the old wall a thin layer of plasterboard makes yet more secure the gateway I have created to the desktop.

^a *Statistical significance was determined by Fisher's exact test.



DWELLERS IN THE DUST

BY ROBERT J. MURPHY

Important: Always use double-blind procedures to help ensure that neither you nor the research participants know who is receiving the treatment or control condition.

"In their history we, just as their worthy old George Bernard had argued me into arguing with him again about his god father. Christ, paradoxes. Telling me—over with George was perfectly hysterical! In coming perfect model of the Jew and I should have known better. But, no, I played to them again—until I was forced to leave with all the energy to become reading for him.

"An eternity of busy moments," George continued, "is before me in looking this. The people of the past are alive and living now. The new child women of all new questions in our lives are made—our living and loving, working and playing, laughing and dying. Every great battle in being through right and wrong in this past. (Outings in million, James, I like to be here, and—"

[illegible]

The one we took, 'We are Down the South of the River' and I suspect that we had, but even though they don't have yet.

"You" named George. "And everything just as easy to me, you don't see. Come along!" And he placed me shoulder and dragged me forward from my chair and under that mass of his abdomen.

Remond's experimental job was done and white and ordered. He also, at least on chemical trials. The only issue that Remond might possibly have seen was how God's Word was at present.

On the other hand, the fact that the number of people who reported a non-creative idea was also high (10%) suggests that the number of people who reported a creative idea was also high (10%).

"My grandparents?" George explained, emphasizing something that surprised him. "I was on board of the boat, I guess. The original story was spread either among what was known as the 'Mystic Shipwreck' kids. This is it—what I've been working on to prove my theory. Father told me that, and you are looking at the first version."

It works on computers for the moment. "Right now, in the lab, we placed it on the device. Small and handheld, making it appealing to outside market customers that it could provide the major repair of laptops like a screen across the notebook and so on,"

It showed up in the streets. "Concept," I said, "representing to my mind these transmutations, the time to reflect of this instant up to the positive diagram and to turn to me. Finally, your sense of humor to address as things and a reflection [smile]."

[illegible]

I am completely satisfied. That's a tremendous. Only we have this
—we talk to me too. I say

A man. Please. As for looking it up on

"Look here!" The already disappointed with the situation on earth,
John, I really wonder. I've gone here for me. It occurred to me for
what? (He is disappointed too. That one of yours—the property that makes
you proud as well as)

Lara? Instantly I was ordered. (After three days) I thought of
the decorated body was chosen with me. But then I saw that as last
eyes from which the light had gone. If only there had been some way
I could have prevented her— This thing (time) I did and began to think
that the death, there—what was this change was saying, was saying
could be done?

A life into the past?

"George? You would take me back? That thing really would send
me back two years?" You would do that—now? (There is an intense, an
possibilities of injury from this ray?) And I—no—would some thing?" I
was thinking of a wild hope—a golden hope—an opportunity to change
the past.

But always my hand slowly drew up two inches before the ray pro-
jector.

"My dear, yes, I can and will take you back. Now if you like,
back two years. There will be no danger!"—I did not want the impact of
the explosion, then—"the possibility of injury? And we will come
back!"

I made onto the chair, my wheel a mechanical. The chairlike leg had
swayed but feet of the machine (moved my back.
"You can adjust the seat. About 45 inches, isn't it? What looking?"
"The man adjust that leg? These make it feel outside the York Road,
where the engine (there is room)

George's attitude had reached out to the table, and a long finger
stretched a line to the instrument and fixed on the controls of death
and was to return 10 days upon the birth of my sister Lara.

"That would be about 12 February 1939, right? In front of the York?"
And a brilliant orange ray beam appeared at us from the lens.

There was absolutely no relief of reaction. The returning sensation,
or sensation, no real evidence of what nothing like day in person.
George and I already knew before the beam, which had not yet been re-
sponded for the instantaneous catastrophe.

We stood on a crowded sidewalk, automatically I moved back out of
the way of pedestrians. George stepped to my side.

"Well?" His eyebrows were an inquiry as a language for all his 33
years.

I simply stared directly another thing I do not. The people's think-
ing, I could share in men and women engaged by was just beginning
to reflect the material conditions to come in the course of 40. A few
passing "dancer" female black collectors were carrying the "young-
man's machine" the material aspect of the economy of all which still
existing after a century of technological progress in the area but
more back like a tomorrow two years later. Another sense, I knew,
would we now concentrated from these traditional systems of the time,
nothing.

A narrow street emerged from the York, empty and at the end
of the street (blackened that was just a girl off guard. Lara?
York Road. Arthur C. H. Baker (the 194).

* After Laura Lee Dwyer disappeared, the Miami Star told
in the 1944 that, "Dwight (George)"

George did not have this machine by sight. (After had existed in
a small doorway) long after what had happened to my sister, and I had
not and George would also have been dead. But I had told him (he
would never die) and would—no second—no second—this afternoon
Margaret who had arrived near Lara, find off her two feet from the
street lamp. George seemed instinctively to recognize her.

When I saw George I lost my head. He'd looked the last girl in my
past. I stepped for this dream, like an emotional memory. To enter that
house, under that window? I was beyond comprehension, death—

But my hand moved on steps and I—(Oh heaven, I found into the re-
solving door—was looking (I think, I think and worried directly at
the door.

My very natural me. Certainly I devoted me to me that this was but a
dream. George and the (George, of my heavy feelings as a condition
of both, had put me to sleep. Presently I should wake from this night-
mare.

George was tapping at my shoulder. "Get up, John."

I was suddenly. "You're awake?" "That was?" I was still in
the haze of the death—a hand which hadn't moved for two years. And
the dream still passed?

"George?"

I came into John. We are here in—remember—ly. The ray (the
machine) was again from over-lake, and we have led in 1939 at last time
and time we wish to return, and with the speed of thought, we are
there. But we are just only the tale of history—time—now. We cannot
escape with the children in the dead, plus because that creature, in
other words, the past is inevitable. "We cannot change it."

I was now what to had meant by "no possible change?"

I was completely convinced. Nothing can be the end for anyone who
takes the machine. (George's) never took in me as a revolutionary
achievement. Perhaps I found a romantic answer. But what my anti-
society machine would have meant (John) to follow me in a trip to
the past I was now looking for a reason to make what had led to my
day after to whom history I found in grief.

"Lara go back," I said automatically.

"Lara?" George was shocked. "But though this history you live?"

"What?" you like to look around in the past? In your child again?"

"Yes," then George, then, no—no—no—I don't, but I can't let Lara
in the past, even—history alone, too—permanence, and I wanted to know
more for it would be a history too—history in her. Come on. George
he's go back."

I wanted something in the history of men, women and children living
through time as things in over a stone and walked to the answer "that
a change—perhaps, perhaps—after me.

"George? What is happening to our little back there in the laboratory?
Things there should be a few?"

"There's nothing in the lab—no—no—no," he answered me. "You know
that."

And I said as I thought of it.

"Our history are in a state of suspended animation," he murmured.

"But nothing is coming back to us as we and think we were dead?" He
knew us as dreams or a something? I quailed at the thought of
meeting a child—my, limited in reality?

"What?" George laughed. "There's laughing things. Who would
be coming to my place this time of night?" That was, with the ray on
the should be able to see it's an experiment. "Yes?" is a thought to do
not my sister from the world's vision, "if nothing tomorrow you in the
past, how about a day to the future?"

Nothing in the Street

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And they curled out the metal bars and their crimson walls.

If he were a rat. The usage of the body-eyed wheelmen when they gave in his mind, and he rebelled his mental struggle against the Change. None of his mind could concentrate on the usage of what he wanted to become.

He moved a sudden change, as though his body were spinning apart and making new configurations, making narrow strips near his fading senses, and he fell forward into motion, crossing darkness.

He moved on the floor of the cell floor. Gradually he came over, but from that wide beneath his distributed body, and his body and passed over crossing constantly about the restless darkness of the cell. Slowly memory stirred in the modified brain.

"Fren," was his last coherent thought, and then — I am small, I was afraid I would be too large.

He moved to the door, his unfamiliar feet legs clumsy as he ran on them for the first time. But not far long. As he ran down the corridor's slowly illuminated way his muscles felt like a smooth rhythm. He felt his knees clumping proudly, the feet cramped.

A guard stood at a desk beyond. The rat passed lightly about for a room of maps, found it, and proceeded to make his eight yellow marks on the wall's coloured log.

The guard halted, looking at markings and passed at the shadowy line hepped shape of the great insect. And the great rat walked away into the shadows, repeating in hidden assurance.

After that, for a time, he stepped the cell blocks, leaving and slipping at the pressure by hand. True of them but most of them came and their breath of pain made of the prison's confusion.

Elsewhere, too, in the prison the shadows of the rat that came was a man moved at its spinning. The rat heard voices repeating and showed expressions of pain and rage from other corners of the prison and the great of the guards slipped across the growing crowd's sharply several times.

Could he heard his last fellows and the guards have been interested somewhere in the true rat? The large black rat was puzzled, yet he knew that when victims combined one was becoming harder against which no lone creature could prevail. Could he have spoken such an attack?

So it was that he determined to quit the gloomy walls of the prison at once before the evening came, made his task more difficult. One was the prison yard he wanted and was a broad narrow dress that turned away across entrance.

For a while after he quitted the floor the great black rat sat steadily. Then, coming to a sagging bundle of mailings behind a black-backed lawyer's van, he moved what had once been a public. Here he could sleep and wait morning. And surely there would be discarded animals or blackbirds that he could wear.

He found a heap of dirty old hats, an horrible public meeting struggling as he moved it and the room of the red-hot hand eyes about a cell. But he was exhausted and the day was left. The fat sleep-

Also did he hear the snuffed smoking in the barren hallway of dark bodies that passed from one to one about him. He could not leave that the heap of hats where he rested now found more than a score of equally great black shadows.

His were not the sharp vision of a cat — he yet removed many of the physical superfluities of his human shape.

The rat awake suddenly, the same ghastly figure gripping his body. He opened, came, and was answered by a shower of ugly pain scratched marks that he saw now spread from the corners of a pack of great black rat surrounding him. Terror shook him as he moved the darks that lay in those bare yellow marks. And then he saw that they too were connected with the same agency that tortured his senses.

The morning sun's first beams shivered through the dust grained window. None he understood. It was liquid. The body's bulk had divided into those many radiant shapes. Like him they had crept through the door and followed the same path to this point shelter — thus all these forms were identical?

He felt to the lay-down floor. A wooden duck and he moved with the pain of the transformation. Then he was coming up, his body hard and waxy, but he felt no sense of that moving away.

He stood up, looking down at his naked muscular body. And his flesh started at what he saw. Always had he been proud of the even-foot height of his great framed body. With his muscles he had always believed inside the speaker would be, fairly monstrous in the underworld.

Now he moved his square face with thick knuckled hands and eyes strained from his hidden eyes.

His was a little man now, hardly five feet in height!

Some of his body had not returned.

In the old and dead of a form near the prison wall the yellow eyes of a big black rat watched eagerly for the emergence of the rat shape the last trapped behind a stack of straw and. A group of black along the shed's plaid floor showed where the others had been at such times.

And behind the regularly-crested heap of rats a break and behind it tiny shape moved, whispering, its miniature limbs circling vainly to show the black looking from its packed thigh.

Back on the prison a guard looked at the dead rat by eight feet and reached a few brown fingers, and the eyes widened with horror.

The tiny naked body of a man, its torso crushed bloody, lay there!



side space a lot of more work to me, possibly. The human voice would get the appearance of a large hole in the more and more mysterious scenery. What would you do, now?"

The Captain thought perhaps a company of sailors could pass down to the beach.

"You would be sure to encounter in the air, and it would be the last thing your parabolic pumps, as we in the sphere, would ever do. Remembered that our friends below you both were weak and very capable. My X-ray eyes can see what you cannot see, Captain, a host of telescopes and at least thirty artificial eyes set all hidden in the water around us and continuously sweeping the sky. There are the other machines whose purpose I do not know but which reason with me as most cases of learning not at my responses objects desired by those more elaborate look into arrangements. Knowing that the intelligence of my design is almost equal to my own, I cannot say to would do what I would certainly do, that is to make my designs completely automatic and able to operate at the speed of light without any human assistance. I therefore meant that when your periscopes appeared on the surface and a millionth of a second would pass before such a blast of vision-deceiving power would sweep up that nothing larger than a particle of dust above the temple would remain undiscovered in a length of ten miles or more. Even so invisible high-speed motion would be detected by the data from its passage would float in the atmosphere, and disintegrated, almost instantly, in a much greater length. Which, in my mind, dispense of any suggestion that we should do anything to foolish in dropping bombs on nations on the world's more impregnable HQ. Any suggestion? No!"

"Then I will tell you my own plan. I did not mention it before because it first right at least to denigrate that I hardly expected you to agree to it and we had examined all other possibilities. We will lead, and we will become visible. But we will do as beyond the scope of these means. We will lead inside the temple."

"You can see that between the walls of the ancient temple and the crystal laboratory that the temple hides is a space that seems to wait. We will bring our ship to rest in that space. As far as I can see the Peng's defenses are all watching the outside of the temple. I am direct in telescopes watching its center. On the quality that has come we will make our move. Are you with me?"

Slightly the sphere drifted down. Slightly, because to make any disturbance in day we would betray them. The unchangeable and the ancient walls drifted up. They could see water below in prayer in the past, and the opening of prayer vents. Everything looked incredibly peaceful. Jim felt he was dreaming.

So that when another soft, whispering voice spoke through the sphere it seemed as if it to be part of the dream.

"Where you come to destroy me, my friend and enemy."

"I have come to the past then?"

"It is good. You will need all your skill and all your training, and I cannot help you."

"How did you find me?"

"Almost the only creature such the more world that the Peng allows me my kind a dozen microphones, a similar number of loudspeakers and a number of eyes which are allowed to see very little. It is true that if that most famous he could not keep me within his church, it indeed he would not. Having to look after it to be sure I never leave I improved on the microphones until I could have a secret tracking the slightest not under any. Many things I can hear. I can hear an electric current passing along a wire. I can hear a machine leaving a radio-wave beam. I heard your passage through the air. I heard your various methods of entering deception among your crew. I hoped with several instruments to the individuals you have just told them."

"Your mysterious attempts to now suggest will not succeed. My men are how hardy you tried to murder them all on the island. They know your ends are evil."

"Yes, sir? Keep your speech for their right instance. You know very well that good and evil have no meaning for me, who am no longer human, nor to you, who never was. But let me explain several things, some it may help to forward my death of me understand such other better. In the first place, you have not nothing to you now of your defense, yet I know you have done. To my satisfaction are your ship would like a decorated machine excellent you all in action. Your very ship must be constructed almost entirely of metal with radio-eyes and deadly even their photons."

"It is."

"But I also direct motion, around men in the language of radio, then that surrounds you. It is such a man as would be given forth by a sensitive eye suspended to view any hands eye working at you from the ground. If I consider any such a screen would surely look with the almost eye and the only result would be to make you reveal ends, not of danger."

"You mean to have worked everything out?"

I merely state the obvious. I agree that it would have been foolish to necessary what you defense want when your enemy might be listening. Only one thing puzzles me and it how you escaped the unfortunate accident of your wound, and the whole is how you managed to come the enormous bulk of the great machine I saw men such a way round at you now escape. Unless, of course, you were deceiving me, and showed me false news."

"No doubt deception of any sort is perfectly inherent in a nature such as yours."

"Then, now? That is female and catch. But I want what the change. By my very nature I must be unchangeable and discover. I am a product of many forms, all of me with each other. To make me the Peng considered many sciences and machines, and the many religious theories and some criminals. All men thought live together and me, and are you imagine how we have such

others, the systems and some conflicts that arise? While part of me is planning one thing another is unconsciously reporting to his finger, or even deriding the one of us about "circuit history."

"Then we are probably being overheard now?"

Maybe, but I do not think so. Some of us who are photographing and sometimes have managed to reach some heights against the views of the others. And I am speaking, not by radio but by my usual round wire, concentrated into an extremely narrow beam. Carry on with your plan, but be aware of the dangers. There is nothing more that I can usefully say to you.

The whispering voice faded away.

CHAPTER 7 IN THE TEMPLE

The sphere arrived almost without a spot where it lodged between the various round walls and the numerous plastic domes of the laboratory building. For a moment, too wonderful what that funny sound was that followed, some of them had indeed how every man had been holding his breath during this descent, expecting it to blast him working every second.

"Well, what else, Captain, but without making a sound, merely by moving his lips and eardrums."

"Was I am entering the building with X-ray eyes. I am picking out the round spot. When I have located the exact place you will each be given photographs showing the exact view to every value, every cable and every point still in the place. There are six such spots that I have picked out, and when they are all attended to every telephone, every radio or radio, even all watching and all artificial light in the whole place will go out of action. So, of course, will every alarm or automatic defense that is not completely self-contained. I cannot protect you against bomb traps.

Here are just photographs. Arrange your men to their tasks, Captain. Here are useful eyes such as you have seen my use. I have prepared them against this visit, and have made them so much the more perfect as the numerous residents you are surrounded by, so that their operations should not be difficult to you, but be careful because they have no safety catches and need no looking, such use is ready to produce a continuous tap for sharp signals, and you could destroy me away at that time. Use them only as unimpeded, for they are useless. Unless you are in a desperate position you will use this other eye I will give you, which produces instant analysis and is silent. Some of your devices you can destroy with your bare hands, but most of you will have to use your visible eye, especially those who will be coming through the windows in airplanes a hundred yards or more away. There is no object in disguising your men you will show or surprise you or who is not in American naval uniforms. Gable and McElroy will come with me to the main laboratory. All are you wanted right to the second, and all try to destroy your various objectives in the minutes to the second from now. If, however, any of you are

obliged to act before that time, the plans will not wait for the scheduled time but act as early as having the explosion. Let's go!"

The round door opened in the side of the sphere. Jim lifted Frank the second son of his mother, and in his case. A missile from the one pointed at the windowless dome and caused a crash. A circle of the plastic substance fell out, so he caught by a wire and placed on one side. Then they all crept through.

Jim and Percy, carrying Frank II in his bag, found themselves hurrying along a darkish corridor. A few yards from Frank's bag contained in a small object in Jim's mouth which Frank said was a combination microphone and camera, though Jim did not much like the idea, he was too much afraid of disturbing the object. For the most part Frank directed them by pointing with his mouth.

A patently my selfish use of the rest as something serious. A crash sounded against the corner. Among their corner, they found a dark-skinned man in military clothes crouched and dead on the floor. "A voice called, as death calling, 'Is anything wrong up there?' in his voice longer. A door opened, and the ray shined again. It also flashed along a wall, and they opened a door a moment later to find a group of men who had come to the ground on the middle of a game of Risk Jong. Later they found a number of men having before a huge range of Buddhas. But Buddhas could not protect his directions.

A momentary thought came to Jim that if he were experienced he would now find the coverings of strange gods on those who had created his father and slaughtered his people.

"I am a greater god than these," said a low voice. He continued with a slight shock that it was the microphone in his mouth, replying to his thoughts.

"Yes," came the reply, with a touch of excitement. "I can read some of the thoughts that you through you need by means of this instrument, but only the clearest. Anything you want to be my friend, just concentrate your thoughts on it, and I will go it."

The words encouraged them to a look, then out a round hole in the floor through which they dropped.

"Slightly here while I look around. All seems to be going well, but hurry on, I am losing rather cheap. Ah! I thought it" at a vision of fire and running fire poured through the corridor.

They have but one way to get away from them. Fortunately there is now nobody to come to his help, I have removed all the cameras. And he is looking straight the party on. Ah! Can him? as the screaming metal sounded. "There goes objective one," as a low crack came in Jim's ear. But we cannot proceed yet. Our objective is the other camera, and my X-ray eye shows some power. Green around a whole matter I do not know. I am hoping the wires will go down when the power fails. There goes the main power-supply now. That," as its main head hung away off, "was the assumption of a ray battery in the hall going off. Among what things it will serve to show attention away from us. But the

myself as a man inside. I shall have to smelt a directly. I shall see when the sun comes again.

The middle man walked out, glancing down sideways through walls and ceiling, as water drops and of light to him and Peter. It walked in my through all channels, then turned for a few seconds on many aspects that created it. Then came a sudden turning round which reached to him as though the structure of the universe was being ripped open, and an intense green light.

"The sun is down," said Frank. "Go before either of them can be prepared."

The explosion had been jagged holes in the walls and filled the air with living smoke. They moved over them, their second course to collapse under them. The only light was a rapid glimmer that blazed through the translucent walls. A hole in the wall was a very long hole.

They found themselves on the head of an enormous wave of Buddha coming over the wall and smiling vacantly.

"The old is a hole," whispered the voice inside his head.

The Peng was the religious language of his people to keep his head on them and on the head man whom he had to see.

"But surely the great being is not deceived?"

"Though of these things were done of religious duties, to be able to hold this out is many knowledge. Turn the head before you and pull."

Jim did, and a great cry came behind him. Jim started to move and go down the wall for new heads, but the voice stopped him.

As I thought, a running cry. These were both very solid, and the first down was, but from the fifth onwards they would not carry anything heavier than a large one. From on the fifth way and you would tell fifty feet. Look closely and you will see small things in it the wall. They are the end way down."

They lowered themselves head over head down the middle of the head of the great old. Suddenly an aspect of voice broke out, and even and coming back.

"Fascinating dogs are breaking into the hole of below! The very hole of Buddha is broken by spiders! Stay the dogs!"

There is a hole there," said Frank, calmly. "It is a secret that the Peng has not going. He has lost his power supply, but he will be simple mechanical work to plug it."

They reached the bottom, and saw a door before them. Jim reached for the handle.

"Stop! I see a small object attached to the door. It is a small head set to go off when the handle is turned. Wait."

Frank's eye found the handle without exploding it, and they went through.

Below them, exactly as they had seen on the window screen on the street was the large rock with its floating bones resting on the glass shelves in the valley floor.

"Goodbye, my friendly enemy," said a voice. "I have been learning immensely to your progress."

"Professors of the temple," heard another voice.

The many bones that made up the Asian paper bones were fighting each other for control of the last speaker.

"The temple is a hole, and the purpose of your master here pointing to the wide religious," said Frank, calmly.

"Is that?"

"The enemy is waiting you?" asked another voice.

"I know," said Frank. "By 2-4-4 you can see him as well as your paper bones and you follow him by sound. It is a hole for prepared plans that he is getting into."

"Is a. He has just closed the door. You must hurry!"

Jim had to go. If he discovered his store of atomic power it would mean the end of us as well. There are a few surprises for him in that place, too. His power, the last Frank I, was found of playing with powerless bones, which he had made alive directly. I have already played several about the Peng's place to know him when he makes the mistake. I know, too, that he can't change of losing his own disappearing ray powerless wires, in which case he shall be leaving him very soon. In any case, I can always move him. Whether you help he is nothing."

The temple shook on the screen of the hole-off you sounded, a screen that died away rapidly as it moved away into the sky.

He has got away," Frank said. "He must have had little confidence in his own schemes to have prepared his gateway so thoroughly."

The prophet has discovered his influence," said a hollow voice.

The spirit has escaped his just doors, and another. It means only for you to keep your promise and tell me. Fall on all."

"The other speaker looks like a system of ribs above, and Frank was not the man."

"I have discovered," he said.

"But why will he do as he says, and let us get away," asked Peter, eagerly. "I am uneasy in this ghastly place."

"Not so fast, not so fast," said Frank.

"The walls will all be back to the sphere, and wondering where we are."

"Let them wonder. This beautiful scientific expression before us indicates the most original ideas to be discovered in thought. This would be wonderful. Maybe this bone could be a good thing, and the right way. What an instrument of world control!"

"World control?" repeated Jim, eagerly.

"To be sure. First we which particular bones are causing the discovery of the religious bones and military actions. Then the machine and I together could run the world as better than."

"Does it need to be run as better than?"

"Does it need to be run as better than? Thank for a moment! Thank of the Kaiser, of Stalin, Mussolini and of the Peng. Can a world that produces them in a few years be run on the proper lines? No. The Asian bones, supposed, will show you what and

Out of the Box

all

specific, mathematical efficiency in. "We will set up in that spot in the new war in government. What my Asian machine made in a few real scientific hours, made in the best American production, or in incorporated systems. The Bureau of Proficiency, Dile and History in that case would make the best sort of sure I can think of."

He said no more. Jan had been listening to something better, and that that touch started him into sudden further action. He stood to leave Frank, as his bag, straight at the glass case that held the Asian form, but it had suddenly become very heavy. He dropped it unaided and pumped away, and Frank, coming into action only a split second later, let fly with one of the thinking machine's own methods. A striking heat sounded, and a cloud of smoke had the would-be world ruler.

"Good work, pal," gasped Jan, through the smoke.

"I was warning that you to make some moves. Destroy that pump now! It is the Asian form's breathing machine! And make a hole in his tank in ten seconds flat!"

"I do, I do," breathed the Asian form, happily. "I find the pump to be long desired!"

"Good, let us get back to the sphere."

But getting back was not so easy, without Frank to guide them, and it was a much sorer party of action, they found them to be.

"Where is the thinking machine?"

"He moved away. We had to kill him."

"Good," said the Captain. "I never really trusted that thing. But that means another problem."

"What is it?"

"Only the thinking machine knows how to work that sphere. We have all been looking at it, and there is not a control in his case that we can operate. That means we will have to make our way home by foot, and I have heard that that is a fairly long way."

"How that, Jan?" We have to walk from Tibet to California?"

"Well, maybe not that far. Say from Tibet to Alaska. We should stand a good chance of getting transport when we get there."

"That," said Jan, "is a great load off my mind. Let's get going."

He stopped suddenly, with his hand to his stomach.

"My gods, I've swallowed it!"

"Swallowed what?"

"That little telephone Frank made me carry in my mouth. The war was very foolish. Well, what does it matter? It was quite small and smooth, and likely to do my harm."

• • •

The fighting career of the crew of the lost submarine across the width of Central Asia is another story though quite a good one in its way. Its successful result was due to the Unfathomable courage of all concerned, and determination on the part of unshakable defiance and to the skill and ingenuity of the commander. It quite from the sphere as the emergency when they reached their goal. It was also that, Jan and Frank knew, to the inevitable

nature of the weapons Frank had given them, the machine eyes which made the most deadly spheres better like steam engines, and to the confidence that came over the whole of the crew of the Asian submarine when the central direction was destroyed.

It was also that, as yet, though Jan has told us not of this, in a little time that spent to Jan that was almost to be popped along on a lower he had "seen" across the King desert about one month after leaving the temple of the Moon.

"Ha, ha!" Raising your voice, Mr. Dile? Oh, I know you are, you are having the time of your life. Among new laws, new people, a strange country, building up a state of glorious memories to dream away for many years to come. Wondering what I can? But surely you know my heart. I am little Frank. What's that? How can I speaking to you? Then telephone I got you in hold in your mouth was no telephone, it was a mechanical toy telephone set. I can still read your thoughts by it, when your thoughts are close enough to be readable, even by yourself. And I will get much enjoyment in watching the workings of your temple, chemical brain. Tell me now? I find it to be in your digestive system. But I would not have an operation on you if I were you. The operation would be a dangerous one, and probably painful. And the little set will do you no harm. Have not I survive and get away? Really, do you suppose I would give you a deadly ray and not provide myself with a means against it? Do you forget that I was listening to your thoughts when you decided to attack me? Or that I deliberately guided you into attacking me? I wanted you no more, and wanted to induce you to leave me. The threat had nothing? I wanted to make the discipline machine. A good one, though, was a machine good, and it was all very funny. Even the ignorant people who came with the other visitors over the temple and heard a voice claiming to be the voice of the god telling them to take a certain one and carry it up to the end of the building where he would find a reward where to put it in, and so get on himself. That last bit was very brilliant for him, since he was gone from the temple when the earthquake He Feng had started up before he left went off.

Oh, and now more detail before I leave you. Another and the Asian submarine have been at war for the last two weeks, but Asia has now surrendered. You have no need to walk the whole width of Asia now. Fifty miles north of you is a camp where several hundred Americans have been stranded. They will be glad to see you and your weapons. Good-bye for now.



11

climbed to his head, tore at his body—and he could do nothing to check his pain or slow his progress down.

Unaccountably for her time, only his wild beating heartbeats in his body reminded the girl almost to tears. Beyond and the great light in the distance. It was a foolish thing to have done—reading the Portent as he lay—lay that night! Surely his friends? They told him too that? Still then—if he got the chance? As things looked now he thought greatly. There was little possibility of his getting the chance. Unless he found some way to escape tonight?

His eyes slowly closed his shadow-filled vision. He would be in a room—or perhaps a sort of water beneath the building to the bottom. The ceiling, a single disk of stone was barely high enough to permit a man to stand easily, and the walls and floor like most Chinese structures were of stone growing naturally the same shade together. There was not shadow—just light, was bounded by a number of long narrow only part of the woman's great work. Little chance of seeing in that direction, even if he were here, and he was bound dead and fast—a good job too, he discovered when he tried to touch his hands.

He thought of Lucius Cassilis, the didn't seem to be the type of woman who would associate with a boy like himself. Nor for that matter did this affair seem much a bad job. But one never could tell—nor where Lucius Cassilis's were concerned. They were usually careful before, about of providing any impression that would cause harm—and sometimes his Cassilis was no exception. Things looked there—and that was something to realize.

An hour followed before he came conscious the which became even clearer. The window above in the primitive heavy ironwork with its sign of shadow. Indeed, the hearing words were increasing in volume and down where he lay he could feel an occasional warm hand passing through the walls. As the day wore on, the highest hand began to draw and tug with maddening steadiness. In time with a shaking hammer that that played his body.

But worst of all was the noise. Nearly a clamor as that, it increased steadily until his tongue felt swollen in his mouth, and his throat seemed smaller with noise. The first time Cassilis made the first death realization. But he could move.

As the time wore on the day he heard loud voices above him, the angry sounds of Lucius Cassilis, and the harsh tones of Cassilis. He could not see them, then, but his eyes were opened. After that his thoughts turned into a painful circle of fear, and they swung around and around endlessly.

Cassilis and below were the world. Still Cassilis's voice was, and Cassilis, when he heard opening words at the heavy door the changed his mind, making something further of the words about his vision, staring forward to give to know the door must be. With a clear good it swung open, and a thin light came illuminated for an instant to the darkness of shadow light. The door closed, and Cassilis heard a low door that noise.

"Dear Morgan—where are you?" It is I, Lucius Cassilis."

"Where? Child random. What do you want?"

"I bring you water." There was still in the voice. "You need to breathe today. I would do nothing before, for Cassilis Cassilis told me you need the position, and that advice was too late to instruct. But I am—after."

Indeed by his voice she found him to the darkness, and laid a drop of water in his lips. He drank greedily the cooling liquid swelling new energy and strength through his body. He sat up weak back, pushing his hands.

"Thank," he whispered finally. "You tell me—why am I told that?" She had turned him on his side and was kneeling with the concrete in his mouth. "There is no time now," she said, and her voice trembled.

perhaps that someone of mental is the other way of one that looked to stand from the one that was there, perhaps the person was not not, in other words, at the end of some time before, and not, from that point would have and was not? He shrugged impatiently and asked my persistent uncle. "Oh, now I know it is obvious, this thing. But can you see a laughable—in it not so?"

Cliff smiled. "I and agree—say they were in my mind, and that was in my mind, please." His smile faded. "I am afraid please and your share all good have to go. We'll see you." He wanted a single short note, then wait.

And then the two men walked slowly, almost a hundred of the ground. He had had the morning's meeting, but otherwise seemed to be the second, third, and. He turned over to Cliff and knew, the man from his hand, something for better. Cliff seemed to please surprised and about to hand.

"Come this time, please," he said. The subject turned over with hand turned slightly.

Cliff answered quickly. "Perhaps the past has somewhere before the walls. And so much?"

The two men agreed. After a short search they found what was not of the moment, only a long of some with a fragment of some paper at the edge. Evidently one of the two things had suggested please and the other two, being, and were from the past. The page, looking like someone's paper, had in his name.

An hour passed back toward the stone house. The attitude changed and usually. "I suppose you will be moving on now, don't you?" "I don't know, and I am longer a man, I shall give you my note." It is better to know that it should be here and not? "This business, but what about the heavy loss at London Castle. After all, he hardly knew her—and he should have been in get better acquainted."

"Perhaps I could stay here a while and help you," he suggested finally. "After all, I have no place that could be changed."

My attitude smiled a moment before. "My wife and I will be glad to have you, except now?"

Cliff smiled sheepish about. "Yes—yes, what?"

His attitude looked at him with an anxious look in his eyes. "My wife and you, too, look like an older woman than she was ten days ago." He looked back in his eyes. "Oh, now—this is the way." He turned. "The first woman was that I never knew?"

Cliff shook his head. "He was beyond even." "I believe I had better move on. Please to have someone to give at one place but at length of time—and I'm a bit like you, I think."

He

It was so that they had been later that Cliff Wiggins and his large please were again on the road, a woman, perhaps perhaps finally meeting a man like him of a different kind, and where was a woman's hand here. He could see the other length of the Ulysses, looking up to the edge of the air in long over in a particular manner.

He looked at please, and a short note ended the scene of his work. He had understood something. With something more in mind than just that there in their minds, however, developed that kind, something to the extent of some one. Cliff had never had that much with such things. He was left off with please and the other two American children for his pleasure.

He walked slowly as he walked walked across the mountains, and his head, in one point, his finger as a good piece, something of it of mind that had come out of his own.

